VISIT…

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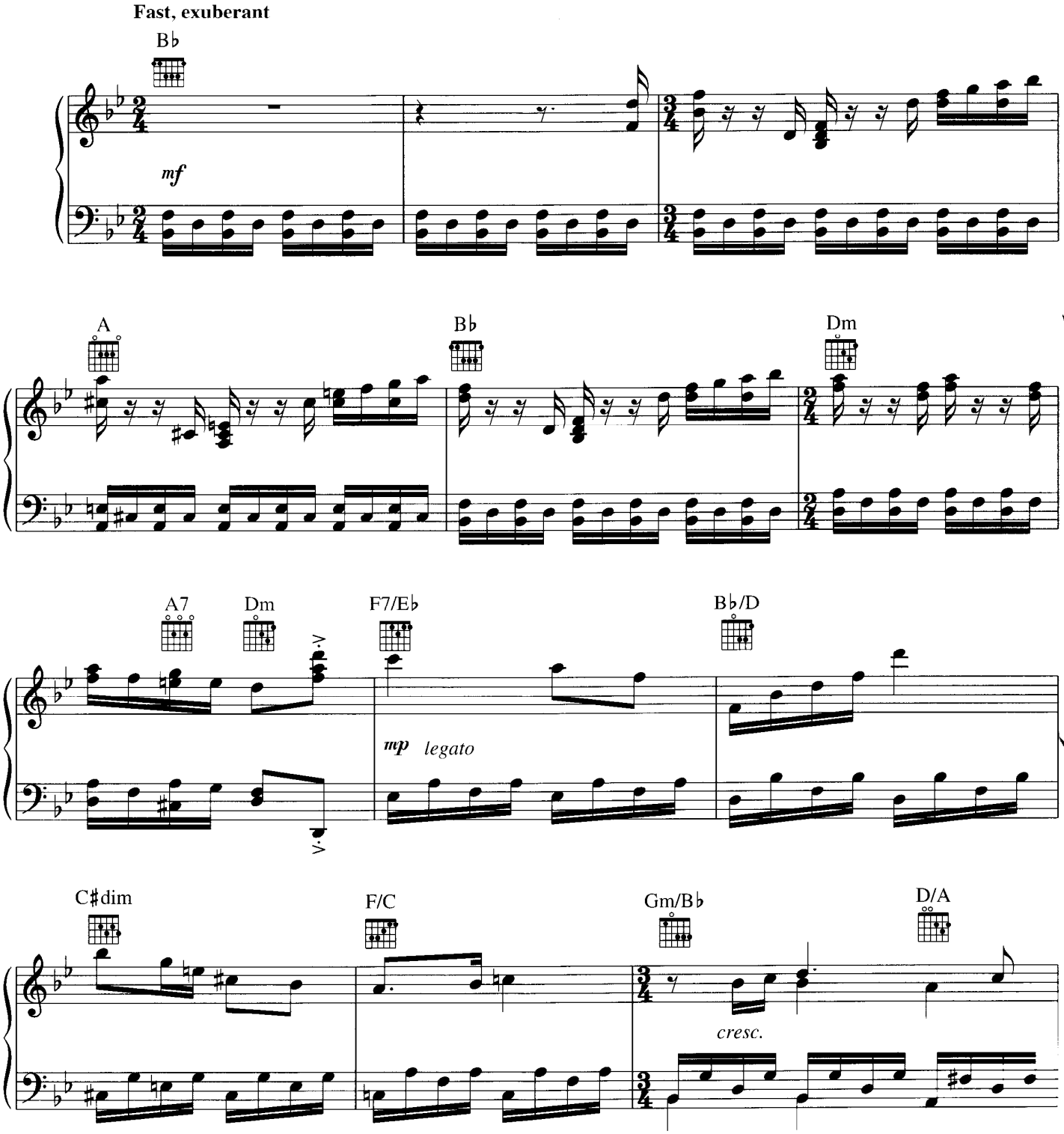
WHAT'S THIS?

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN



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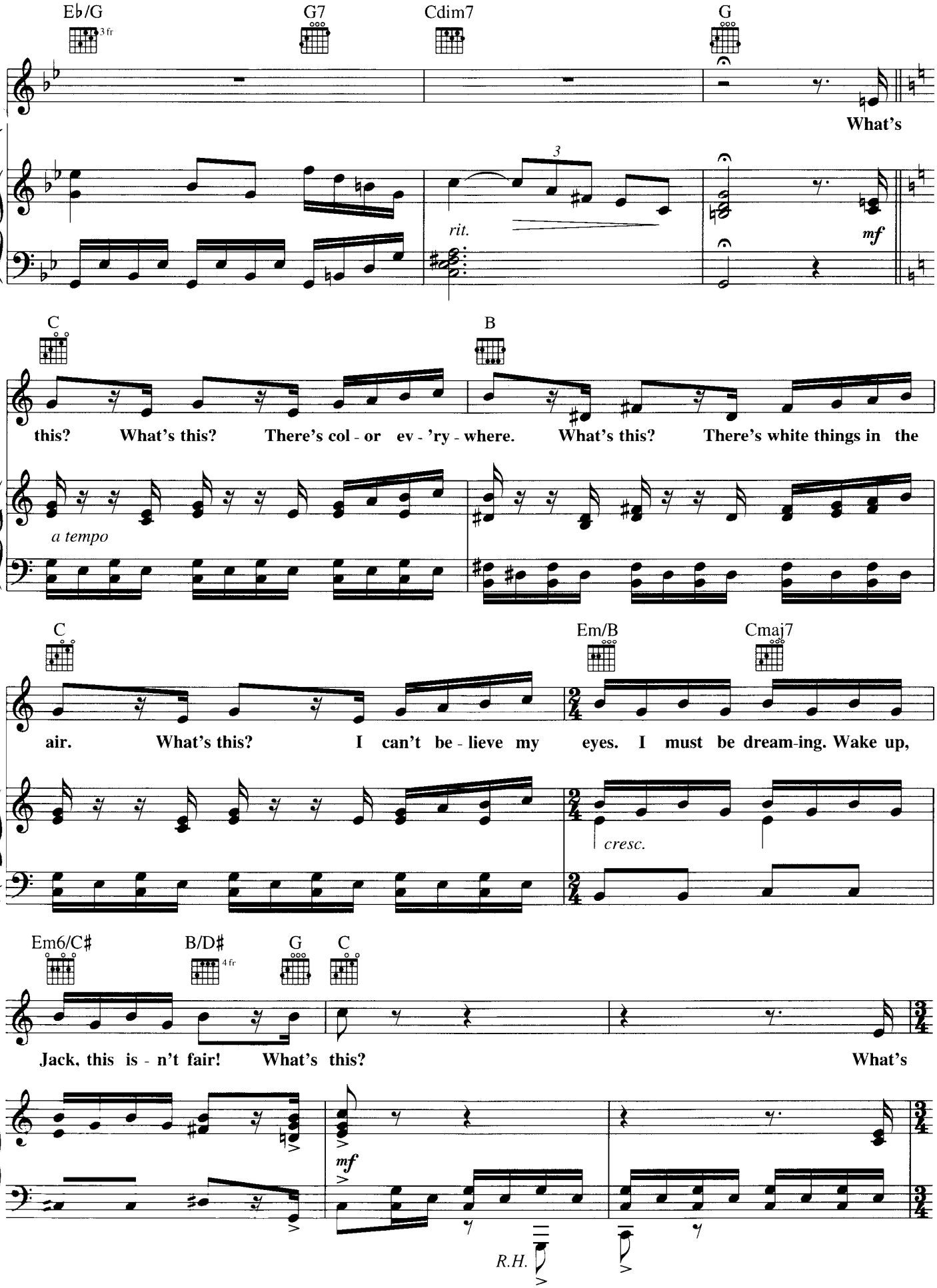
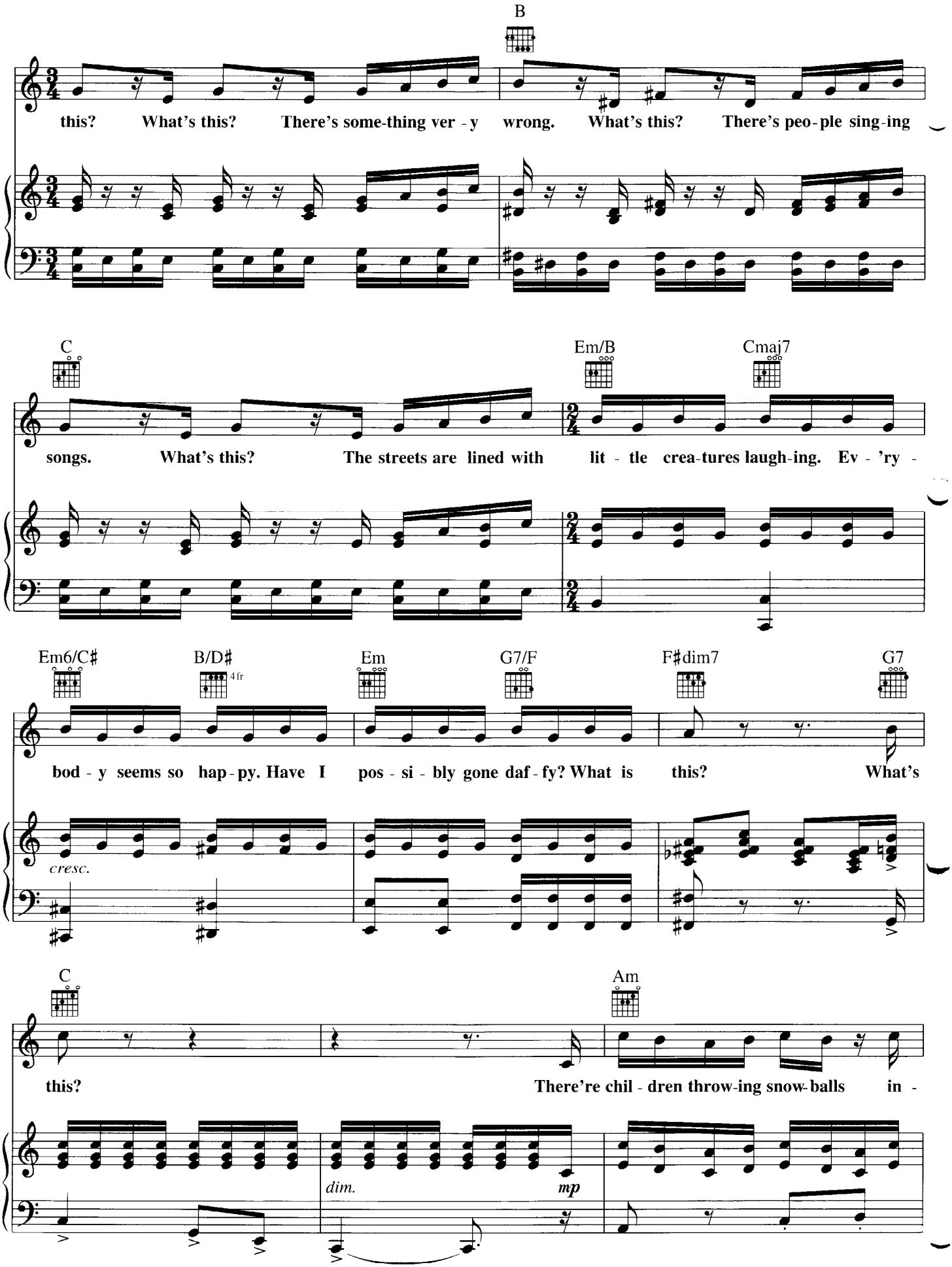
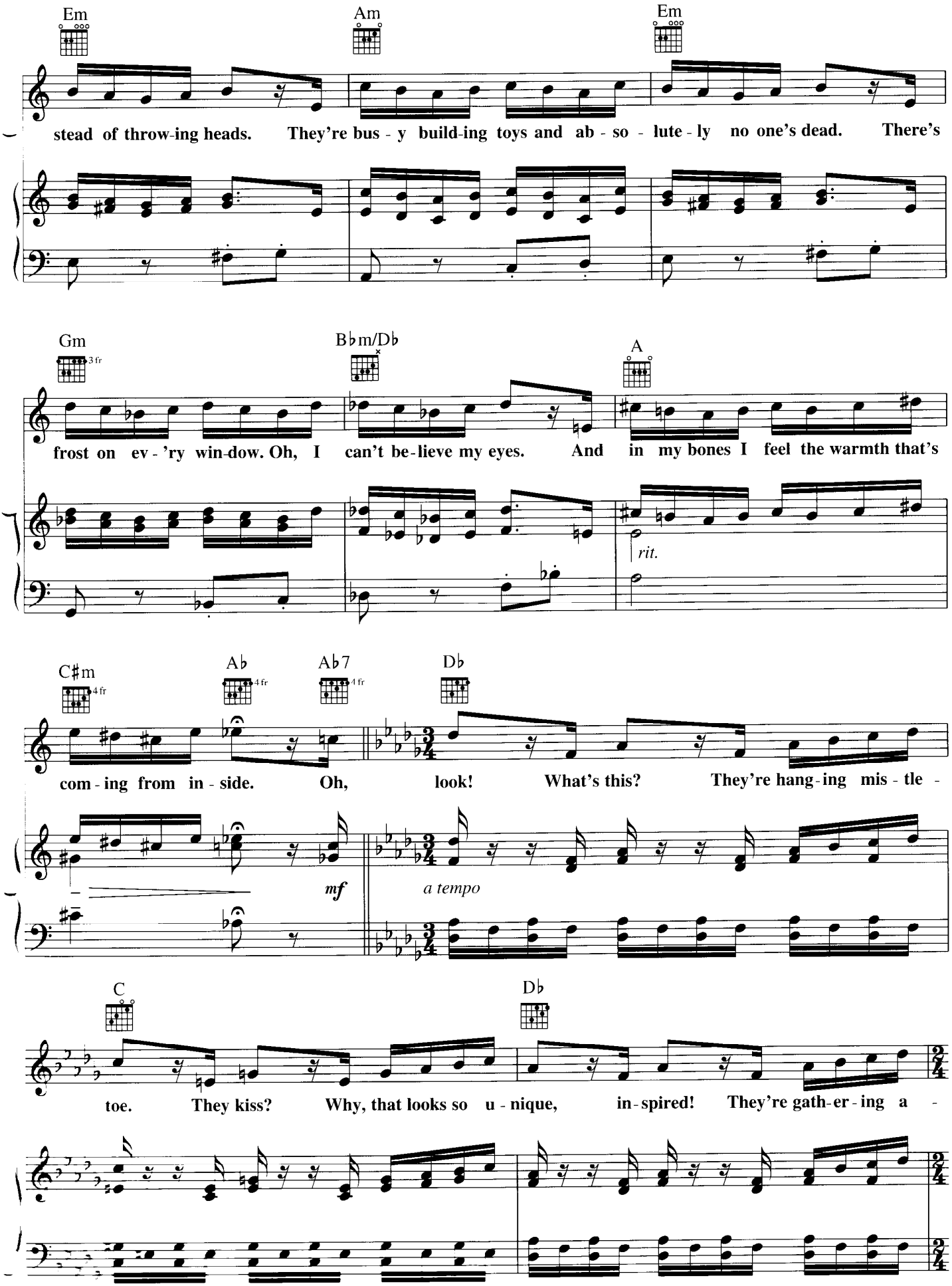
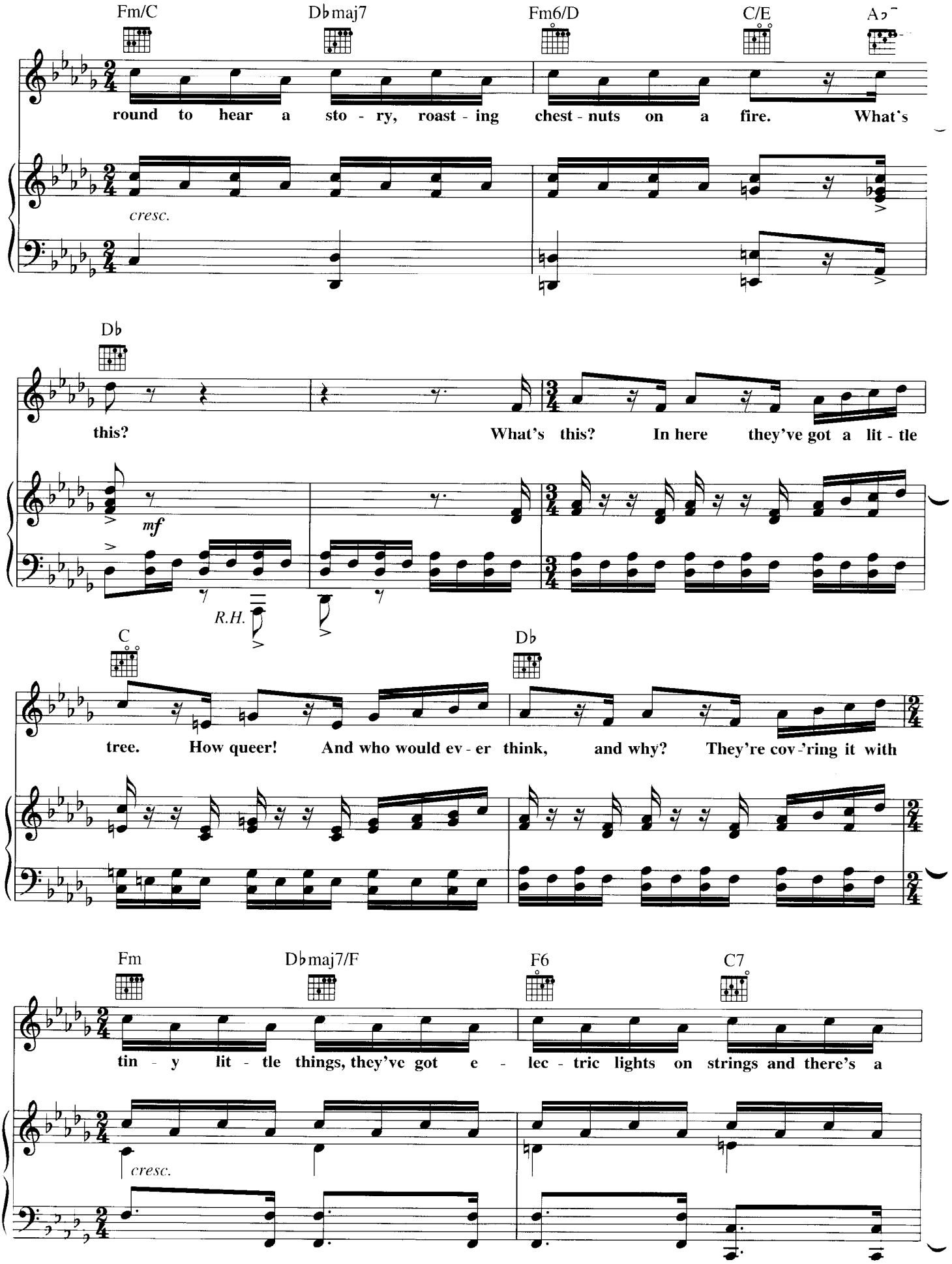
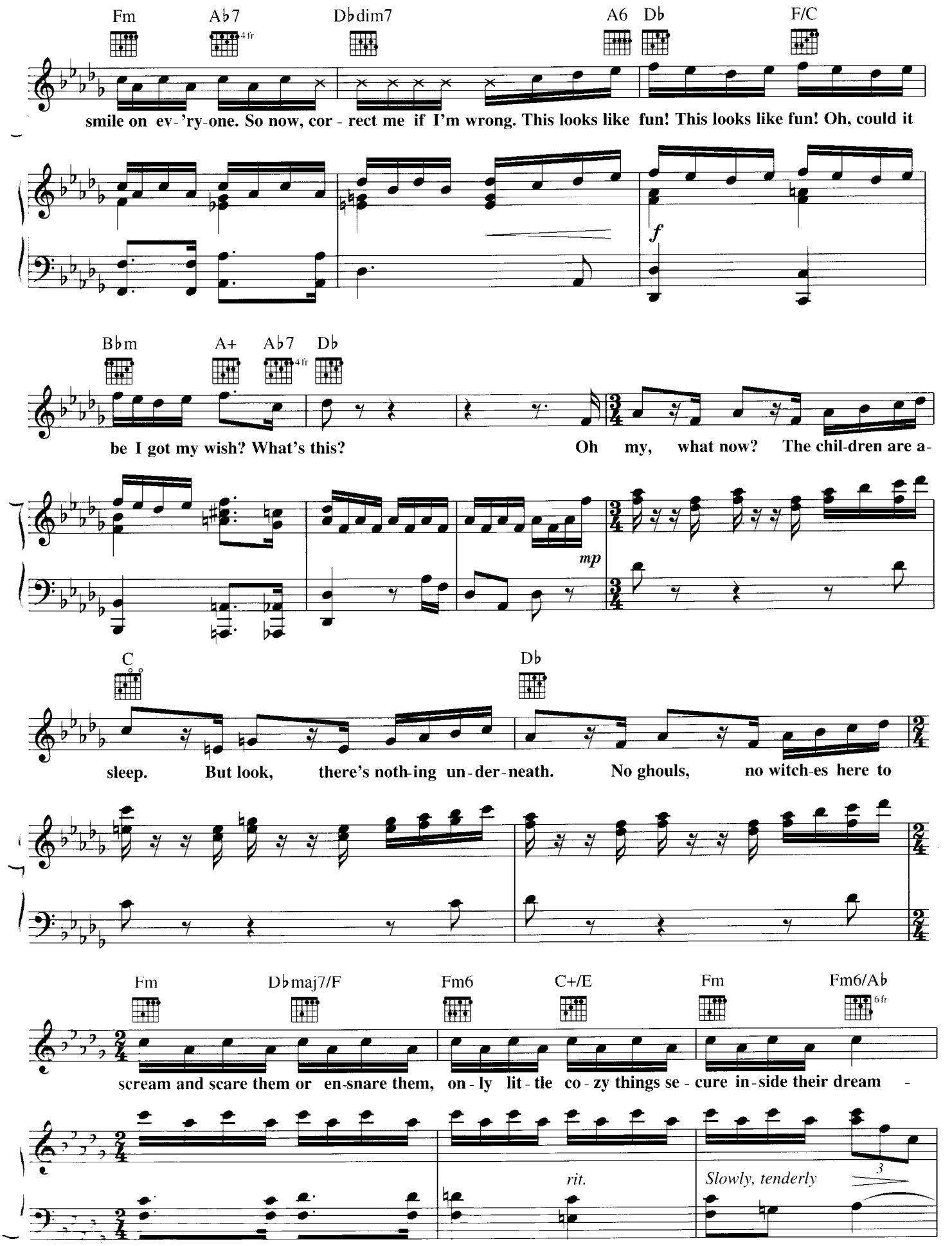
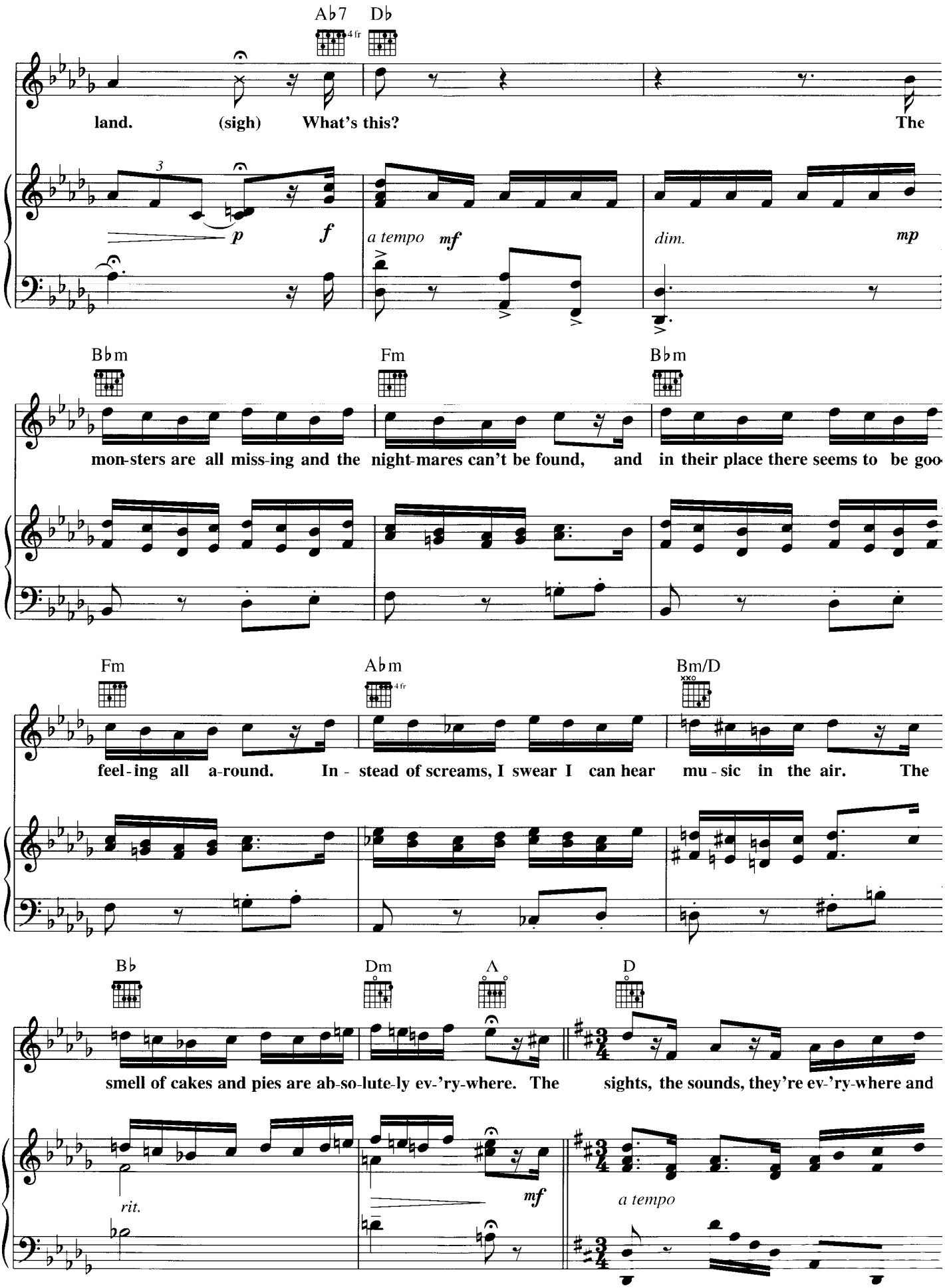

E♭/G
3 fr
G7
Cdim7
G
What's
rit.
mf
C
B
this? What's this? There's col - or ev - 'ry - where. What's this? There's white things in the
a tempo
C
Em/B
Cmaj7
air. What's this? I can't be - lieve my eyes. I must be dream-ing. Wake up,
cresc.
Em6/C♯
B/D♯
4 fr
G
C
Jack, this is - n't fair! What's this? What's
mf
R.H.

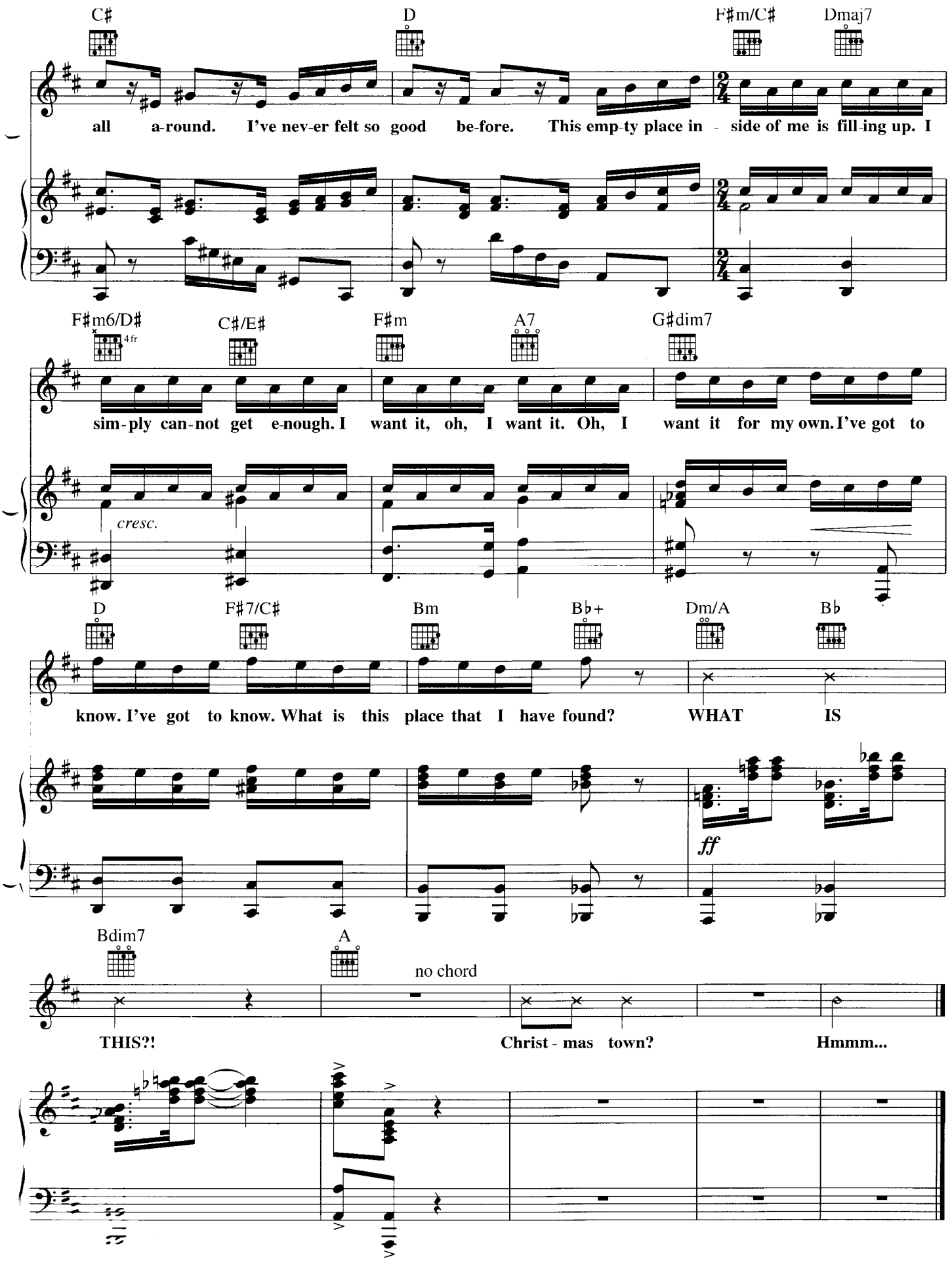

B
this? What's this? There's some-thing ver - y wrong. What's this? There's peo - ple sing - ing
C
Em/B
Cmaj7
songs. What's this? The streets are lined with lit - tle crea - tures laugh - ing. Ev - 'ry -
Em6/C♯
B/D♯
4 fr
Em
G7/F
F♯dim7
G7
bod - y seems so hap - py. Have I pos - si - bly gone daf - fy? What is this? What's
cresc.
C
Am
this? There're chil - dren throw - ing snow - balls in -
dim.
mp


Em
Am
Em
stead of throw-ing heads. They're bus - y build-ing toys and ab - so - lute - ly no one's dead. There's
Gm
3 fr
B♭m/D♭
A
frost on ev - 'ry win-dow. Oh, I can't be-lieve my eyes. And in my bones I feel the warmth that's
rit.
C♯m
4 fr
A♭
4 fr
A♭7
4 fr
D♭
com - ing from in - side. Oh, look! What's this? They're hang-ing mis - tle -
mf
a tempo
C
D♭
toe. They kiss? Why, that looks so u - nique, in-spired! They're gath-er - ing a -


Fm/C
D♭maj7
Fm6/D
C/E
round to hear a sto - ry, roast - ing chest - nuts on a fire. What's
cresc.
D♭
this? What's this? In here they've got a lit - tle
mf
R.H.
C
D♭
tree. How queer! And who would ev - er think, and why? They're cov - ring it with
Fm
D♭maj7/F
F6
C7
tin - y lit - tle things, they've got e - lec - tric lights on strings and there's a
cresc.


Fm
A♭7
4fr
D♭dim7
A6
D♭
F/C
smile on ev-'ry-one. So now, cor-rect me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun! This looks like fun! Oh, could it
f
B♭m
A+
A♭7
4fr
D♭
be I got my wish? What's this? Oh my, what now? The chil-dren are a-
mp
C
D♭
sleep. But look, there's noth-ing un-der-neath. No ghouls, no witch-es here to
Fm
D♭maj7/F
Fm6
C+/E
Fm
Fm6/A♭
6fr
scream and scare them or en-snare them, on-ly lit-tle co-zy things se-cure in-side their dream -
rit.
Slowly, tenderly
3


A♭7
D♭
land. (sigh) What's this? The
p
f
a tempo
mf
dim.
mp
B♭m
Fm
B♭m
mon-sters are all miss-ing and the night-mares can't be found, and in their place there seems to be goo
Fm
A♭m
Bm/D
feel-ing all a-round. In - stead of screams, I swear I can hear mu - sic in the air. The
B♭
Dm
A
D
smell of cakes and pies are ab-so-lute-ly ev-'ry-where. The sights, the sounds, they're ev-'ry-where and
rit.
mf
a tempo


C♯
D
F♯m/C♯
Dmaj7
all a-round. I've nev-er felt so good be-fore. This emp-ty place in - side of me is fill-ing up. I
F♯m6/D♯
4 fr
C♯/E♯
F♯m
A7
G♯dim7
sim-ply can-not get e-nough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it for my own. I've got to
cresc.
D
F♯7/C♯
Bm
B♭+
Dm/A
B♭
know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found? WHAT IS
ff
Bdim7
A
no chord
THIS?! Christ - mas town? Hmmm...